





"Unofficial" photo—Glen Ives' change of command



"Really Unofficial" photo—Ives' do

on the GCT test that address is mine, and **NOT John Rudder's**. Just send us ideas . . . we'll ask you for the bucks later . . . just a sure as Grant's lying in Grant's tomb. Now on to news . . .

Congratulations to Deborah (nee Mariya) and **Sam Tangredi** on their nuptials this past May. The only question I have is did they perform the marriage themselves. After all, Deborah is a Navy Chaplain. "Do you take me? Yes. You take me? Yes. I now pronounce us married." As for Sam, last I heard he was still writing speeches for the SecNav and trying to find creative ways to recycle old speeches and non-definitive statements.

**Joe Stanik** dropped me a line to say that he opted for the early retirement instead of the attaché tour in war-ravaged Algeria that we wrote about last summer. Let's see, bullets or pensions? Flak jackets or gray flannel suits? Death threats or job interviews? ALGERIA or ANNAPOLIS?—Hey, definitely no

contest and definitely no flies on Joe! Joe is now working as the social studies instructor at the Walbrook Maritime Academy, an NJROTC-Career Academy for at-risk students at Walbrook High School in Baltimore. Of course, these days teaching high school kids could be construed as closely related to that Algeria tour. As for Joe's wife, Julie, she earned her Ph.D. in nursing this spring from the University of Maryland at Baltimore (UMAB) and is on their faculty. Their two sons, Michael and William, are growing like weeds and are now in the fourth and ninth grades, respectively. One thing is certain, all of the Staniks prefer Annapolis to Algeria.

Libbey, **Craig Diffie** and their boys are finally all together at Toulon, France, where Craig is the Sixth Fleet Liaison Officer. In that job Craig has been able to traverse the Med and in the process come across quite a few Classmates. This past August, the GEORGE WASHINGTON Battlegroup sent a nine plane

det to the nearby French air base for celebrations of the Allied landings in the south of France. Among the 78ers getting in on the "good deal" TAD det were **Bruce Bole**, and **Alex Hnarakis**. Both are squadron XO's on GW. Bruce was the overall coordinator of the det and is with a VS Squadron. Alex is with a VF unit of F-14s. **Charlie Hautau** is XO of the A-6 bomber guys on GW but unfortunately, he didn't get to go ashore. While on a contact visit with the 6th Fleet Flagship in Cannes, Craig saw **Joe Martin**. At the time Joe was the Sixth Fleet Communications Officer. By now, he's probably at the Pentagon, slaving away in a room the size of a JO's stateroom, without windows, without air conditioning, and sharing three desks with seven other commanders, all of whom are wondering how they'll ever find their way around the building. Isn't rank such a privilege? **Tim McGee** is the 6th Fleet Oceanographer. **Bruce Carter** was the Naval Attaché in Paris, but last month he should've reported to an intel billet in Suitland, MD. While at a conference in Naples, Craig saw **Rich Holzknicht**. Rich is the Naval Attaché in Israel. At the NFCU Branch office in NSA Naples, Craig came across **Archie Griffin**. Archie had just reported to Naples as the OinC of the Navy Liaison Group. He had just finished up his tour as the Naval Attaché in Germany. Before that, Archie had been in Japan. The way Craig and Archie figure it, by the end of Archie's tour in Naples he'll have spent only one of the previous ten years stateside. Talk about joining the Navy and seeing the world—Archie's just about done that! It's very likely that after Naples he'll have to go to language school in Monterey, just to re-learn English. Craig also reports that **Jim Carr** is now the Deputy EA to CinCUSNavEur. Before that he was the XO of BAINBRIDGE. **Bill Yeager** is the pilot of CinCSouth's personal aircraft, and as such manages to get around the Med quite a lot. Yeags lives in Sigonella, which is one reason to want to get away and travel around the Med. Next year though, he'll head off to Pensacola to be XO of VT-2 and relieve **Dave Jenkins**. (Dave will then fleet up to be the "Doer Bird" CO for VT-2.) Lastly, Craig added a final P.S. on the back of the envelope to report that **Dennis Pricolo** is Crypto Officer in Stuttgart. Thanks for the scoop Craig. Save me a space on the floor next summer. I'll be visiting Europe for my M.B.A. course and may be lucky enough to pay you a visit—especially if the South of France is, as you say, "*Bien Agreeable*."

A few weeks ago I got an O-dark thirty phone call from **Loren Divers**, who is risen from the dead and living in Hawaii—Honolulu to be exact. His post graduation life has been filled with enough poignancy and excitement to fill a dozen Sidney Sheldon novels, ranging from tactics on CG-18, to computer companies, pizza delivering and a lost love. After falling off the scope since our five year reunion, he's come back with a flair and doing extremely well! Loren's been HEAVY into deal making in Hawaii, in particular, real estate; where persistence, patience and tenacity (not to mention a little luck) can mean success and big bucks! He has a subdivision on the big island of Hawaii getting under construction, and is now branching out into beverage dispensers, syrups, and gourmet coffees in Japan and Singapore. Now that business life is falling into place Loren, like many of us, is seeking that balance in life. That means family and friends. He's still looking to build the first part of the equation (but not in a hurry). We are the second part of the equation—the friends—and so he encourages *any* Classmates who get anywhere near the Islands to give him a call. He promises a grand tour and fun, fun, fun until daddy takes the T-bird away. He should be in the book in Honolulu. So you guys better look him up, or as he says—you're dead men! I definitely will be dropping in on you, "Muff," just as soon as I can get a business trip planned out your way. It was great talking to you and I look forward to our next phone call—but next time, how about a more civilized hour of the evening?!!

A few items I have really neglected to put in here these past few months (well, actually with two months of blankness—there was a LOT I missed puttin' in). While on a Convention trip to Houston, I got a chance to visit with **Ken Bowersox**. Sox had just gotten back from one of NASA's remote communication sites in Africa. I was grateful to Annie for letting him out for the afternoon. For all the time he's away from home, she was pretty generous in giving him his liberty card. I really regret that I didn't have the time to meet Annie. Next time Sox. It looks like NASA keeps these astronauts trim (or maybe it's that gourmet-less space food) cuz Sox looked like he could still play some football. He's looking forward to piloting another Shuttle flight next year. His last flight, you may recall, was to repair the Hubble telescope. As a result of the notoriety, Sox and his fellow crewmen got to be guests on Tim Allen's "Home Improvement." You should've heard my son yell from across the kitchen when he saw Ken on the Tube. "Dad! It's Mister Sox!" Yup, Ken and the Shuttle gang were supposed to be guests on Tim Tanner's (Tim Allen's character) Tool Time Show and telling him how they repaired the telescope. They each had a few lines. Just one word of advice for you and your astronaut bubbas, Ken. Don't look forward to an acting Emmy and don't give up that day job!

This June, **Glen Ives** assumed command of HSL-42 in Mayport, FL. He had his entire family present, his mom and dad (fitting in rather well for a former soldier), cousins, his sister—Linda—and Barbara and the boys. They all looked great and Barbara makes a much prettier and capable CO's spouse than Glen ever did. On hand that hot, humid summer day was yours truly and fellow 78ers: **Dave Jenkins**, **Steve Brady**, **Ray Kwong**, **Russ Gordon**, **Tom Eldridge** and Glen's XO, another '78er and "honorary" Class bubba, Matt Schellhorn. **Tom Eldridge** is the Chaplain and gave the invocation. **Steve Brady** is working for Analysis & Technology (A&T) in Arlington, VA. It's one of the "beltway bandit" groups. Steve is the Corporate Program Manager in their Aviation Systems Group. **Russ Gordon** just joined Steve at A&T after taking the retirement route out of NavAir. **Ray Kwong** is no longer building homes but has started his own business in Arlington, VA.

It looks like I'm at the end of my allotted space. It's a pity I couldn't "bank" the pages I lost the last two months. Too bad, I've a lot more to say. I guess I'll just continue on in another file and for once in my life get ahead on the next column. Boy, that'll shock the stuffing out of the editorial staff. Anyway, I'll close for now by wishing my fellow Marines a—Happy Birthday—and get this thing on its way and into your hands. Besides, the bell has sounded, it's H-Hour and the Corps' celebration has begun. I'm launchin', Spot Four!

# 79

Membership: 94%

Pres., **Mike Finley**  
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Whew, had to put up the last sandbag around the house to finish off the building of our home bunker just in case I need to help cram democracy down someone's throat. It's all part of my support for the incredibly competent leadership we have in DC. Now if I could find a '63 Valiant to put up on blocks in the front yard and a couple of plastic pink flamingoes to sit next to it, I could get the coveted "Desert-Scape of

the Universe" award from the mayor of Palmdale and be politically correct at the same time. Here's a desert landscaping tip for you: nothing grabs and holds onto wind swept hefty bags and newspapers better than a couple of well placed tumbleweeds. All right enough smart alecky dribble from the largest pocket of economic depression in the country, let's break a leg and get this show on the road, shall we?

First off the launch pad o' fun (you'll see in a second that comedy pretty much oozes from my pores) was an e-mail message from famous astronaut, new dad and denture wearer **Dan Bursch**. With the magic of cut and paste, here goes:

Ken—Thanks for the word in the latest *Shipmate*. I never found a banner, but called the visitors center at USNA and they sent me a banner . . . and I attached an old "79" felt patch to it . . . I had called the USNA PAO and they referred me to the Visitors Center . . . a bit of a disappointment . . . I had offered to fly a banner for USNA and I'm referred to the visitors center.

Anyways, a bit of miscommunication about the names I gave you (Hecker, etc.) . . . those were name of folks that were up for possible interviews for the Astronaut program. Folks that made it to our first attempt (August 18th . . . a pad abort . . . engines shut down . . . so close, yet so far!) included **Bob Lakis**, **Tony Chitwood**, **Mario Bladuell**, **Miki Brower**, **Pat Temple**, **Mike Hecker**, and **Skip Krause**. Folks that may make it to our next attempt (Sep 30th at 0716 eastern) include **Doug Fremont**, **Russ Nevitt**, **Andy Hagelin**, **Rob Sterling** and **Skip Krause**.

The delay hasn't been too bad . . . we just had a baby girl, Robyn, born on 7 Sep . . . so her mom, Roni, was very happy I was here!!

I will try and send the banner I fly to the reunion . . . We probably won't be able to make it . . . Keep your eyes open during our flight . . . it will be prominently displayed!! **Beat Army!!** Dan.

Dan, congrats to you and Roni and thanks for the message.

Next up is an info packed update from **Tom McPhillips**. Tom and his wife Robin with kid-units Kelly and James, live in Connecticut. Tom commutes every day to Manhattan where he works for Pfizer and has fulfilled a lifelong dream of working in New York City along with the daily commuters "packed like lemmings into shiny little boxes." Tom also got his MBA from Columbia last May and has been enjoying life once again. One weekend a month, Tom does that Reservist thing with **KENNEDY Augment Unit** in South Weymouth, however comma, because of his recent pinning on of silver oak leaves, Tom may be headed to that big unpaid billet in the sky at the VTU. Robin is a Program Manager with Sikorsky on the H-60 program. She's been there for two years. Tom's additional classmate info goes somethin' like this: **Claire** and **Jeff Klingensmith** are living near Minneapolis with their two little ones. Jeff is honchoing Grand Mets' logistics division and sending out pink slips in the rightsizing/outourcing game. Remember when we had uneducated, degrading, yet lucid phrases like lay-offs, job cuts and garbage collectors? We are so much more advanced now, thank goodness. Back at the ranch . . . Claire will soon become a nurse so just in case Klinger gets "right-sized," Claire, like Vicky, can hold down the fort. Ann and **Joe Boland** are back in Maryland where Joe hung a shingle after passing the Maryland bar exam. Good on you, Joe. **Mark Decker** is using his Harvard MBA bag o' tools as the COO of a company whose name escaped Tom for the moment. He and his wife are living in Annapolis.

I got a Change of Command announcement the other day from **Tom Joyce**. TJ is the new CO of VF-111 as of 1 September. Tom, congrats to you and thanks for the card.

Last, but certainly not least, **Al Whiting** sent an update from Cambridge where he should be getting his PhD in about another year. Doughball explained to me why my kids can violate the laws of physics

with their mess making abilities and cleared up a bunch of questions. I thought it was part of the  $E=mc^2$  deal but apparently it all has to do with non-equilibrium systems, although my two boys CAN push a rope. Yeah, that dried fruit juice stiffens a rope up real quick to a tensile strength equal to that of tungsten steel. Anyway . . . Al still drills at CINCUSNavEur in London where he sees **Dick Tobey**. Dick should have left England by now for PXO school then onto Bremerton where he'll be XO of ARKANSAS. Al does the internet e-mail thing with **Tom Amirault** who lives in Rhode Island and works for Raytheon. Doughball, thanks for the explanation along with the update.

Folks, that about wraps her up. Because of the Home Office space-time-continuum deal, I'm writing this a month prior to the Fifteenth so I hope we all had a good time and I'm sure it was great seeing everyone. The December edition will have the pictures and updates from the reunion so whoever is writing this for yun's will have all the latest scoop. If it's yours truly, you all like to throw up on a crowded bus AND smash your thumb with a hammer at the same time. If it's not me, I sure had a blast doing this for you all and thanks so much for putting up with me, your Give King, and the unbelievable comedy for this long. It's that Give, Give, Give, Never, Never Take motto I live by that has made it easy for me to spew out so much love (yeah, "spew" pretty much says it all because writing skills sure as heck haven't ever entered into the picture). Until next month, keep laughin', **Ken**. '79, Omnes Viri.

# 80

Membership: 97%

Pres., **Tim Kobosko**  
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This should be my last column written in Hampton, Virginia. As I indicated last column, I have decided to shift jobs, in this case, also home port, to set up shop in New Orleans, Louisiana. I've accepted a position as the Executive Director of the New Orleans Technology Council, starting 1 November 1994. Sherri will still be at the address at the top of the column until the house sells, so keep sending your mail to Hampton for now. I'm sure that I am not the only Navy junior (army kids are called brats, Navy kids are called Juniors!) in the Class, and as all of us have experienced in our Navy Careers, it gets harder and harder to move once you have grown a few roots. This move is by far the hardest, for after 6 years in Tidewater, it almost feels like home. Oh well, I'm sure that we'll have lots of company for Mardi Gras in New Orleans! On to the mail bag, and wish us luck!

I received a great note from **Sharon Hanley Disher**, a fellow 33rd Herder, with an update on some of the Gals in our Class. I'll include it as written:

Just spent an incredible "Girls Weekend Out" at **Peggy Feldmann's** "Blue Barn" in the Shenandoah Mountains with nine of our female Classmates and our "token" male, Peggy's husband, Andy Brower ('79). smile

After fourteen years we decided it was time to really get to know one another since that opportunity never seemed to arise at school for a variety of reasons. Although very difficult for several women to bring themselves to come for fear of dredging up the past, and the many bad memories they still carry from those years, I was very happy to see they left